

KONAMI

OFFICIAL COMIC BOOK



TACTICAL ESPIONAGE ACTION

METAL GEAR SOLID®

Written by
KRIS OPRISKO Illustrated by
ASHLEY WOOD



ISSUE NO. 9

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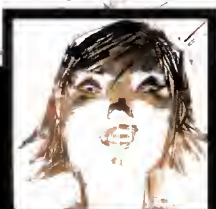


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WHAT
SHOULD I CALL
YOU, ANYWAY?
LITTLE
BROTHER?

BIG
BROTHER?

TWIN
BROTHER?



I SUPPOSE IT
REALLY DOESN'T
MATTER. WHAT
IS PARAMOUNT
IS THAT YOU AND
I ARE THE LAST
SURVIVING 'SONS
OF BIG BOSS. WE
SHARE TH

BEEP
BEEP



BEEP
BEEP

YES?
WHAT
IS IT?



REALLY.
THEN
WHAT?

THOSE
FOOLS!

VERY
WELL, RAVEN.
I'LL BE RIGHT
THERE.



WASHINGTON
ISN'T RESPONDING
TO OUR DEMANDS.
THEY'RE TRYING TO
AVOID ANY LEAKS
ABOUT METAL GEAR
AND THEIR PRECIOUS
NEW NUCLEAR
WEAPON.




PREDICTABLE
ALWAYS PUTTING
POLITICS AHEAD
OF INNOCENT
LIVES.



SO BE IT.
WE LAUNCH
IN TEN
HOURS, AS
PLANNED.

I HAVE TO MAKE
PREPARATIONS. SOLID
SNAKE IS ALL YOURS,
OCELOT. DON'T FORGET
TO GET A SAMPLE OF HIS
DNA. WE'LL NEED IT TO
CORRECT THE GENOME
ARMY MUTATION.



I THOUGHT
WE NEEDED BIG
BOSS'S DNA TO
CURE THAT.

YES, BUT
SNAKE'S DNA
WILL FUNCTION
AS A TEMPORARY
STOPGAP
MEASURE FOR
NOW.



OH, AND
OCELOT...

DON'T
SCREW UP WITH
HIM LIKE YOU DID
WITH THE DARPA
CHIEF.

PATIENCE
RIGHT?

EXACTLY.

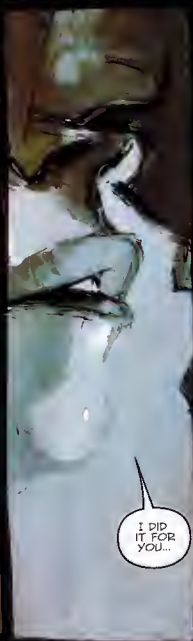


YOUR
WOMAN
IS STILL
ALIVE

MERYL...



I GAVE
HER THE
GIFT OF
MERCY.



I DID
IT FOR
YOU...



UNTIL
WE NEXT
MEET, MY
HANDSOME
PREY.



FLATTERED
ISN'T
THE WORD
I'D USE.

HEH. SHE
ALWAYS FALLS
FOR HER MOST
CHALLENGING
MARKS. YOU
SHOULD BE
FLATTERED.



NO.
METAL GEAR
WAS ACTUALLY
DESIGNED TO
LAUNCH A NEW
TYPE OF NUCLEAR
WARHEAD
HUH?

WHY DON'T
YOU ASK
CAMPBELL?

THE
COLONEL?



NEVER
MIND, I'LL
ASK THE
QUESTIONS,
**CARRIER
BOY.**


THE CARD
KEY YOU HAD IN
YOUR POSSESSION...
WHERE ARE THE
OTHER TWO?
WHAT'S THE **TRICK**
BEHIND THAT
DAMN KEY?



TRICK?

THAT
WEASEL BAKER
SAID THERE'S
SOME KIND OF
TRICK TO USING
THE KEY.

HELL IF I
KNOW. WHAT
HAPPENED
TO MERYL?



LIKE WOLF
SAID, SHE'S
STILL ALIVE. BUT
IT'S UP TO *YOU*
IF YOU WANT
HER TO STAY
THAT WAY.

WE'RE
GOING TO
PLAY A *GAME*,
SOLID SNAKE,
AND WE'LL SOON
FIND OUT WHAT
KIND OF MAN
YOU *REALLY*
ARE.

WHEN THE
PAIN BECOMES
TOO GREAT TO
BEAR, JUST BEG
FOR *MERCY* AND
YOUR SUFFERING
WILL *END*.

BUT IF
YOU DO,
THE GIRL'S
LIFE IS
MINE.

I'M GOING
TO RUN
HIGH VOLTAGE
ELECTRIC
CURRENT THROUGH
YOUR BODY, AS
LONG AS IT'S
JUST FOR A SHORT
TIME, IT WON'T
KILL YOU.

DID YOU
KNOW IT WAS
THE FRENCH WHO
FIRST BEGAN
USING ELECTRIC
SHOCKS AS A
MEANS OF
TORTURE?

THE OL'
"FRENCH FRY,"
RIGHT?

LOOK
WHY DON'T
YOU CRAM THE
SUPERVILLAIN
RHETORIC AND
JUST GET ON
WITH IT.

CUTE.

YOU'RE A
TOUGH GUY
SNAKE, BUT I'VE
SOME BAD NEWS
FOR YOU: YOU'RE
NO P.O.W. YOU'RE
A *HOSTAGE*

THE GENEVA
CONVENTION
DOESN'T APPLY
HERE. NO ONE'S
COMING TO
SAVE YOU.

SCARED
NOW, TOUGH
GUY? YOU
SHOULD BE.

LET'S GET
STARTED,
SHALL WE?

N-N-N-N-N-N-
N-NGHHH!!

DON'T WORRY,
WE'LL GET TO
THE MEAT OF THE
INTERROGATION
SOON ENOUGH. BUT
FIRST, I THINK YOU
COULD USE A LITTLE
TENDERIZING...

AGAIN.

HOW WAS
THAT? JUST
A LITTLE JOLT
TO WAKE YOU
UP.

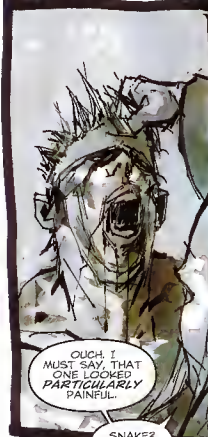
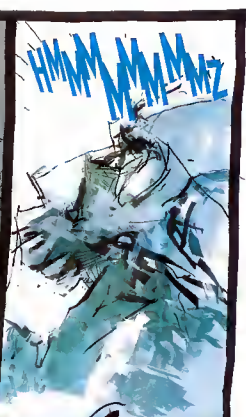


NNNNNN
NNNNNN
AAARRRRGHHH!



HAD
ENOUGH?
I CERTAINLY
HOPE NOT.
WE'VE GOT A
LONG WAY
TO GO.

AGAIN.



OUCH, I
MUST SAY, THAT
ONE LOOKED
PARTICULARLY
PAINFUL.

SNAKE?
YOU STILL
WITH ME?



Y-YUH...
YOU'RE...
DEAD. I
PROMISE...



OH, MUCH
BETTER. I LIKE
SPIRIT IN MY
SUBJECTS.

AGAIN.



DON'T
YOU *DARE*
TURN AWAY,
YOU
FECKLESS
COW!

NNN!
NO!



QUIET!
LOOK AT THE
MONITOR! I
WANT YOU TO
SEE THIS.



SOLID SNAKE IS
FINISHED! OCELOT
WILL TORTURE
HIM BEYOND THE
LIMITS OF HUMAN
ENDURANCE.

SLOWLY
AND
PAINFULLY...
AND IT'S ALL
THANKS TO
YOU!



N-NO!

OH, YES, YOU
KNOW VERY WELL
THAT THIS IS ALL
YOUR FAULT. I WAS
THERE, REMEMBER? I
SAW YOUR STUPIDITY
FIRSTHAND...
YOUR RECKLESS
INCOMPETENCE...



YOU MADE IT
SO EASY FOR
US, MERYL...

THANK
YOU.



SHUT UP!
SHUT
YOUR FILTHY
MOUTH!

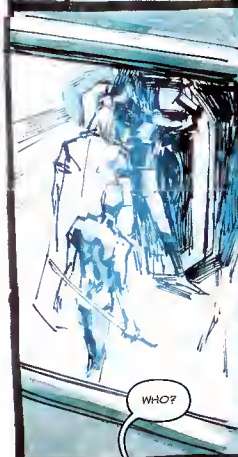


**HAH! YOU
ARE WEAK AND
PATHETIC!**



IN MY
NATIVE
KURDISTAN
YOU WOULD
BE—

WHAT?
WHAT ARE
YOU
LOOKING
AT?



WHO?



OH, NO.



LIQUID!
THIS IS
WOLF!

THERE'S A
PROBLEM...



YOU'VE
HAD IT,
SNAKE. I
CAN SEE IT
IN YOUR
EYES.

HEY, HEY...
IT'S OKAY.
JUST SAY
"MERCY" AND
THE PAIN WILL
STOP.

COME ON,
I WON'T TELL
ANYBODY. I
PROMISE.

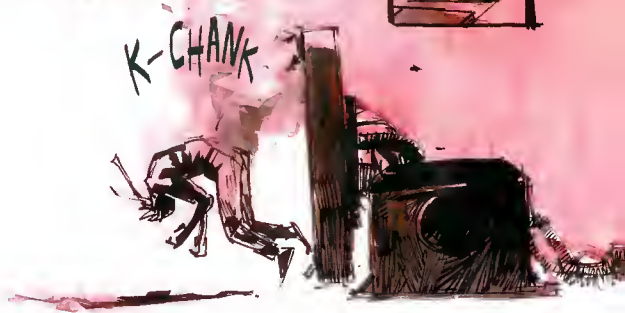
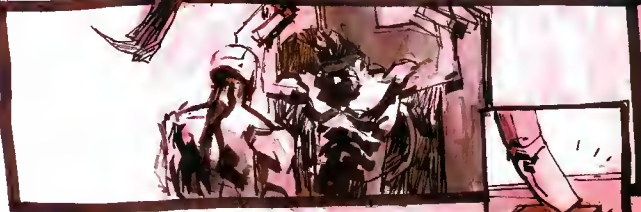
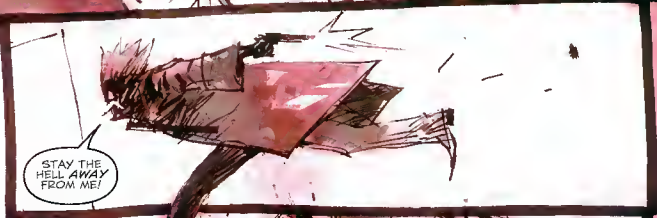
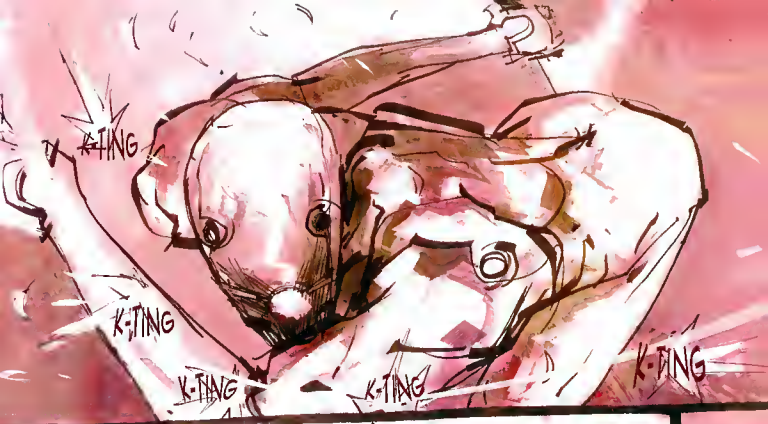
EH?!

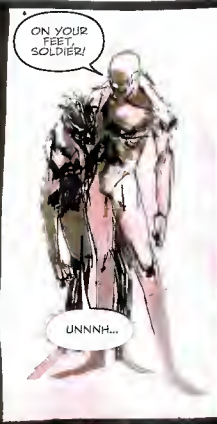


YOU!

NO!
YOU WON'T
TAKE
MY OTHER
HAND!

BLAM BLAM
R. BLA







SNIPER
WOLF!
STATUS?

I'M
EN ROUTE
TO INTERCEPT
SNAKE. I'LL
BE THERE IN
THREE MIN-

BELAY
THAT. HOLD
POSITION AT THE
UNDERGROUND
BASE ENTRANCE
AND AWAIT MY
ORDERS.

I'LL DEAL WITH
SNAKE MYSELF.
LIQUID OUT.



DAMN
THAT MAN!
HOW DARE
HE INTERFERE
WITH MY
HUNT!



WOLF?

HUH?

EMMERICH.
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE TAKING
CARE OF THE
WOLVES.



I AM.
I MEAN, I
WAS TAKING
CARE OF
THEM.



BUT I...
I WAS WORRIED
ABOUT YOU.



NO NEED.
I WORK ALONE,
REMEMBER?



YOU
SHOULDN'T
TAKE SO MUCH
DIAZEPAM. IT'S...
NOT GOOD
FOR YOU.

COMES
WITH THE
TERRITORY.
INTEGRAL
STAPLE OF
A SNIPER'S
DIET.

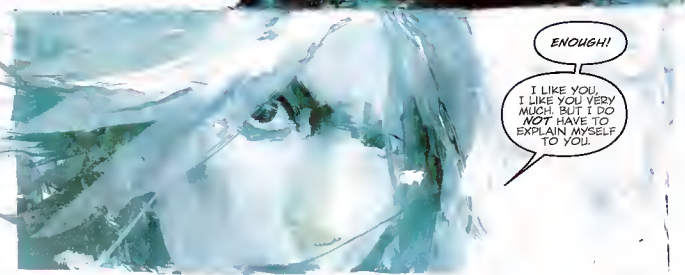


SO...
ARE YOU
GOING TO
KILL SOLID
SNAKE?



HE
IS MY
PREY.

BUT WHY?
WHY DO YOU
HAVE TO—



ENOUGH!

I LIKE YOU,
I LIKE YOU VERY
MUCH. BUT I DO
NOT HAVE TO
EXPLAIN MYSELF
TO YOU.



THIS
HANDKERCHIEF
BELONGED TO MY
MOTHER. SHE DIED
WHEN I WAS VERY
YOUNG.



DON'T. I
DON'T WANT TO
HEAR IT. JUST BE
CAREFUL. THAT'S
ALL I ASK.



A dark, grainy illustration of Snake in a dark environment, possibly a cave or a night scene. He is wearing his signature green beret and is looking towards the right.

Snake!
How are
you
doing?


For a guy
who just got
electrocuted
over a dozen
times? Peachy.

So,
Colonel, when
exactly were
you planning on
telling me about
the new nuclear
weapon metal
gear was
supposed to
launch?

A close-up illustration of Colonel Miller, a man with a mustache and a military cap, looking slightly to the left. A woman with dark hair is partially visible behind him, looking up at him.

Uh...
Well,
now...

I mean,
seeing as how
I'm risking my
life here, I think
you owe me a few
straightforward
answers!


A dark, grainy illustration of Snake in a dark environment, possibly a cave or a night scene. He is wearing his signature green beret and is looking towards the right.

Look,
Snake, this
is obviously a
complicated
situation...

SNAKE, IT'S
MILLER! I NEED
TO SPEAK WITH
YOU ON A SECURE
FREQUENCY
IMMEDIATELY!

YOUR
LACK OF
CREDIBILITY
IS WHAT
MAKES THIS
COMPLICATED
COLONEL
SNAKE OUT.

SNAKE!
WAIT A
SEC.

A close-up illustration of Colonel Miller in a control room, looking at a screen. He is wearing a military cap and a uniform. The background shows some equipment and a window.

THE LINE
IS SECURE,
MASTER MILLER!
WHAT'S UP?

LISTEN,
SNAKE, I'VE
JUST HEARD SOME
DISTURBING CHATTER
ORIGINATING FROM
WITHIN OUR OWN
INTELLIGENCE
COMMUNITY.

YOU NEED TO BE **EXTREMELY** WARY OF YOUR INTERNAL CONTACTS FROM HERE ON OUT. THIS INCLUDES CAMPBELL, NAOMI... EVEN YOUR OWN GOVERNMENT.

YEAH, I'M STARTING TO FIGURE THAT OUT FOR MYSELF.

THE DISTORTION OF MISSION DETAILS IS ONE THING, BUT I HAVE GOOD REASON TO BELIEVE THE TREACHERY GOES MUCH DEEPER.

DEEPER? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I DON'T HAVE SPECIFICS YET, BUT I'LL GET BACK TO YOU AS SOON AS I DO. WATCH YOUR BACK, MILLER OUT.

MEI LING? IT'S SNAKE. YOU THERE?

WE'RE ALL HERE, SNAKE. LISTEN, ABOUT THE NUKE...

DROP IT, COLONEL. WE'LL DISCUSS THIS AT ANOTHER TIME. HOWEVER, CONSIDERING MERYL'S LIFE IS IN MY HANDS, I'LL PRESUME I CAN TRUST YOUR CORE INTEL FOR THE TIME BEING.

BE CAREFUL, THOUGH. THE TOWER SHOULD BE HEAVILY GUARDED.

THERE HE IS! FIRE AT WILL!

EAT
TAT
TAT
TAT

NO KIDDING.

I'M AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE COMMUNICATIONS TOWER, MEI LING. WHERE TO NEXT?

YOU NEED TO TAKE THE ELEVATOR DOWN TO GROUND LEVEL. THAT SHOULD PUT YOU RIGHT BY THE ENTRANCE TO METAL GEAR'S UNDERGROUND MAINTENANCE BASE.

PWING
PWING

MEI LING!
I'M BEING
PUSHED TO THE
UPPER LEVELS OF
THE TOWER AND
CAN'T GET TO
THE ELEVATOR
BELOW!

BLAM
BLAM

I NEED AN
ALTERNATE EXIT
STRATEGY!

ACCORDING
TO THE BASE
SCHEMATICS,
THE ONLY WAY
OUT IS THROUGH
THE ROOF
ACCESS

GREAT.





UGGHH...

I JUST
KNEW
YOU'D FIND
YOUR WAY
UP HERE



LIVID.

SORRY
BROTHER
END OF THE
ROAD. I'M
AFRAID

WHAT
DO MEAN
BY ALL THIS
BROTHER
TALK? JUST
WHO THE HELL
ARE YOU?

YOU
REALLY
DON'T
KNOW DO
YOU?

YOU
SHOULD
TALK TO OUR
FATHER. HE
KNOWS THE
TRUTH.



I'LL
SEND YOU
TO HELL SO
YOU CAN
ASK HIM!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

To be continued...



Nickname:
Sniper Wolf

Sex: **Female**
Status: **Single**
Age: **Twenties**
Nationality: **Iraqi**
Height: **176 cm.**

Additional skills:
Sniper Wolf's prowess as a sniper knows no match. She favors the PSG-1 for her kills, and her patience is legendary.

Sniper Wolf is a child of war. Despite her fair features, she hails from the Kurdish area of Iraq, where she witnessed the slaughter of her entire family by Saddam Hussein's chemical attack on her hometown. Newly orphaned, she was taken in by Iraqi special forces and trained extensively in various combat techniques. It was obvious from the beginning, however, that she was a born sharpshooter.

Breaking from her Iraqi handlers, Sniper Wolf was soon taken under the wing of Big Boss, where her skills were further refined. This eventually brought her to the notice of Liquid Snake, and she was quickly accepted into Foxhound.

Besides her remarkable aim, Sniper Wolf's main asset is her ability to obsessively lock on to a target, thinking of nothing else until the victim has been dispatched. In such a state, Sniper can easily remain in wait for her victim for weeks, ignoring all physical discomfort.



N i c k n a m e :

Liquid Snake

Sex: **Male**

Status: **Single**

Age: **Thirties**

Nationality: **English**

Height: **183 cm.**



Additional skills:

Liquid Snake possesses a mastery over almost all forms of warfare. In addition, he is fluent in at least seven languages.



Like Solid Snake, Liquid Snake is a master at the many and varied arts of war. This is hardly surprising, as Liquid and Solid are two sides of the same coin: they are clones.

There the resemblance ends, however. Unlike Solid Snake, Liquid was raised in Great Britain, undergoing rigorous training as he grew. Liquid's hunger for battle was voracious, and he became a combatant as a prepubescent. His mastery of several languages, chief among them Arabic, allowed him to effectively function as an assassin for many years.

Liquid was eventually captured by Iraqi forces, who brainwashed him into performing missions for them. This lasted until Solid Snake left Foxhound, a unit that was much admired by Liquid. Liquid joined and quickly became team leader. His true nature soon surfaced, however, and he cut ties with the U.S. government shortly before seizing Shadow Moses Island.



DCP

PRESENTS A
SCAN BY

DARTH SCANNER

*Leeching leads to the Dark Side of the Force.
A good Jedi buys comics and supports the industry!*